

TOC H JOURNAL



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VOLUME XV.

NUMBER 5





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NUMBER 1

VOLUME 1

A SERVICE THEY MIGHT NOT RENDER.

WOULD you for a moment consider and then weigh up the duties of a reporter? He goes out with certain orders, like the captain of a ship. He is sent to such and such a place—to old Trafford for instance, where a big match is in progress: Lancashire *v.* Yorkshire or England *v.* New Zealand.

The reporter gets a seat, opens his note book, jots down a few sentences about the number of the spectators, the amount of sun, the direction of the wind, the state of the wicket. He adds a phrase about the rate of scoring; he mentions the number of fours hit by Sutcliffe, the occasional six by Leyland. This can all be done in a quarter-of-an-hour. Later on something unusual may happen and he gets a good line.

But there is a limit beyond which he cannot go. He is one hundred yards from the batsmen and bowlers: he cannot hear the sudden asides, the jerky quips and comments of the players (even Tate is heard indistinctly from the Press Box). And what can you say of the player who fails to score or of the fielder who drops that high twisting drive to extra cover? The undertones and overtones—you must not expect to hear all these.

Therefore in the story that follows you shall have a hint or two of something that matters; your look-out man will show you a leading mark; but of what a certain company of men felt and experienced during the whole of a long night in April last—of this he will say little, for be it remembered your reporter has some English but almost no Italian—*piano, forte, fortissimo, maestoso* and that is about all.

* * *

Well then! In a warm room on April 6 in this year of Grace, and at about 11 o'clock at night, a family party were seated

at a square table playing Monopoly. The game promised well for one of the players when the telephone rang loudly and continuously. R. M. (a responsible member of the party) left the table to take the call and was away for a quarter-of-an-hour. When he came back to the play-room he asked them to carry on without him and not to be disturbed.

R. M. was obviously going out. Already he had on his head a dirty-weather hat and he was feeling for the buttons of his overcoat.

"Take my torch," said the Mother of the party, "though the battery may not last the night."

And R. M. left the house. He found the drive gate, passed through it and turned South West. Saving the torch light when he could, he moved steadily along the shoreward road. In one place a new patch of chalk and gravel guided him. In a minute more he heard above the swell on the beach the fall of the brook; he was nearing Tom's house. Switching on the light, he tried Tom's door; he whistled and gave a fairly loud call "T-o-m"! That was enough; there were flickers and shadows above him. Quietly Tom opened the door.

Tom: "I know what it is. Come in. Whereabouts is she?"

R. M.: "They can't tell us exactly but probably three-quarters of a mile west of St. Catherine's."

Tom: "Um!" (and he ran through 'conditions') "a heavy swell: wind very light: rocks and deep water near the cliff: they can see 50 yards if they have our fog. How big is she?"

R. M.: "5,000 tons. Not known whether there are passengers. The L.S.A.*"

* Life Saving Association.

men are gone along the cliff with rockets and lines."

TOM (*slowly*): "When the tide makes, she may bump and bump on the rocks or—she may be fast in the shingle."

A pause.

R. M.: "I've told the coastguard that if he wants extra help we can go."

As he spoke his eye travelled to a pile of fifteen blankets lying on a box, folded neat and Navy-wise: they were there for such an occurrence as this.

Both men, each in his own way, were dealing with an odd situation. Until recently Tom had been coxswain and R. M. Hon. Secretary of the Local Lifeboat station. Their boat (they felt she was still theirs) was of the pulling and sailing type, beautifully built, seaworthy and strong—but officially she was 'off service,' and had passed into private ownership. Her sea area had been 'taken over' by the boats on her flanks east and west. These flank boats were motor-driven; they were fast and powerful; they were equipped with wireless and searchlights. One of them was on her way to the present casualty.

At last Tom picked up R. M.'s last remark.

TOM: "Yes—we can go: if we get the call we *must* go. But what will you say to the new owner, Mr. What's-his-name, the man who has bought our boat?"

R. M.: "I have been thinking of that on the way down. We can say to him, 'Sir, you would have asked us to go out on service if you had known of the casualty.'"

TOM: "You've said it."

And again R. M.'s eye began to wander. There were photographs of warships on the walls. In 1916 Tom was 'at Jutland' in a turret of a Battle Cruiser.

TOM (*breaking the silence*): "You say the coastguard will call you if he wants more help?"

R. M.: "Yes. And what do we do now?"

TOM: "Go back to bed. Get what rest you can. Here, take this signaller's lamp. I have another."

Tom's kitchen—he lived alone—had up till then been fairly full of tobacco smoke and warmth. It now began to be empty. Just two men sitting idle or wondering how that ship of 5,000 tons was faring. Perhaps the saviour motor boat was even then making towards her. They must wait until—.

So R. M. got up and went. The signal-ler's lamp was certainly better than the torch. It was of no use to knock up other Lifeboat men. Two maroons would bring them quickly enough to the Boathouse. What was that ship's name? *Luigi* something. The coastguard had spelt it out slowly but the telephone burred for a moment. Could a tug pull her off? How many were there really on board? Was she holed? Could she lower her own boats safely in the swell? All the questions and surmises that come to anyone when you hear there is a ship in distress. R. M. reflected "Had this happened a fortnight ago our rowing men would have been up and away and the tide with them."

The Monopoly players were still up. "Where is she?," they cried. "Close to Rocken End," said R. M. "We had better go to bed. I will call you if there is anything new."

R. M. slept badly: he had dreams that night. He passed from one ship to another; sometimes somebody he knew was with him; sometimes he was alone. Of definite action there was none: just the vague possibility of beginning something.

Heaviness may endure for a night but joy cometh in the morning. Enough of these undertones. R. M. woke, threw heaviness aside and went to the telephone.

He heard again the same cheery coast-guard's voice.

R. M.: "What! you still on duty?"

COASTGUARD: "Yes, up all night—and they are all safe."

R.M.: "What! All saved?"

COASTGUARD: "Yes, the whole crew—no passengers on board. Lifeboat back at station and ready for service."

R. M.: "Then they've done it! Who thanks God? What a service! What are you having for breakfast?"

COASTGUARD: "Something strong and hot." And they rang off.

In that moment of relief R. M. discovered one service he could render. He put in another telephone call. Readers, you may have the overtones now. "Please

will you give the Yarmouth men and Walter Cotton all our congratulations on their wonderful service and seamanship." It was the Hon. Secretary's sister at Yarmouth who took the message. She was delighted to get it. Her man was out, as R. M. knew he would be. He was seeing to the needs and comfort of 29 shipwrecked men. They had managed to save their clothes; a local tobacconist was interpreting for them. The Hon. Secretary, himself a retired sea captain, was doing what he could for the captain of the *Luigi Accome*, the ship that is now just visible at Rocken End, her bows awash.

That captain who had groped his way up Channel in dense fog. For three nights and days he had never left the Bridge. You will think of him too. A. A. P. W.



The Ship

*Their hearts' blood and their bodies built a barque,
Reveal'd her with a Lamp whose vivid glow
Flaming to swimmers in Death's ebb and flow
Rekindl'd in their eyes the vital spark.
Now, with the touch of God, on thro' the dark
Storm-surge of Selfishness she sails, to show
That loving Sacrifice and Service throw
From shore to shore an ever-lambent arc.
Directed by an all-embracing Love,
Humility of Judgment, fairest Thought,
Remembrance of our Rent to One above,
Seek, mariners, as Elder Brethren sought
To save who sink 'neath angry flood and spate
And pledge before the world—'To Conquer Hate.'*

R.W.S.

THE BIRTHDAY FESTIVAL

This year, the Festival, when the Lamps of all new Branches will be lit for the first time, will be "regional" in character. That is to say, it will not be open to members generally but to the new Branches and their Lamp-donors, to oversea members, to members and probationers in the Areas mainly concerned and to only a limited number of guests and of members in adjacent Areas.

The dates coincide with the World Chain of Light, the anniversary of the opening of Talbot House, Poperinghe, Saturday and Sunday, December 11 and 12. With the agreement of the Yorkshire Executives, the Central Executive has selected the historic city of York to be the place of the Birthday

Festival gatherings this year.

The Festival has not been held so far North before. In 1926 it was held in Manchester, in 1932 in Birmingham, in 1934 in Leicester; otherwise, all Festivals have centred on London and many Northern members have had few opportunities of attending. This year, while the Festival is primarily for members of new Branches and in the Yorkshire Areas, allocations will also be given to the Northern, Lakeland and Scottish Areas, while quite limited numbers will be invited from the Irish, North-Western, Manchester and the Notts. and Derby. Areas and the Lincolnshire Division.

THE ELDER BRETHREN

Cyril Hutton: Hoylake Branch

The Hoylake and West Kirby Branch record with sadness the death on February 13 of CYRIL HUTTON, Science Master at Calday Grange Grammar School, Lay Preacher and Branch Treasurer. He will be missed for his sincerity and willingness to serve.

F. G. Anderson: Wimborne Branch

FREDERICK GEORGE ANDERSON, who died suddenly on February 28, aged 46, was one of Wimborne Branch's most versatile members. Much of his service was given to organising concerts for charities throughout the District, at which he often appeared as a 'one man band.'

Walter H. Clarke: Muswell Hill Branch

The death on March 16 of WALTER HEATHCOTE CLARKE as the result of a road accident, robs Muswell Hill Branch of one of their oldest and best known members. During the War he knew The Old House.

S. N. Hartwell: Bishop Auckland Branch

'JUMBO' HARTWELL was a founder member,

first Chairman and Treasurer of the Bishop Auckland Branch, although during the last few years he had lived in the South of England. He died suddenly on March 11.

F. C. Ripley: Godalming Branch

The Godalming Branch regret the death of FREDERICK RIPLEY, on March 17.

H. A. Castle: Kingston Branch

Both the Kingston District and the Kingston Branch have suffered a great loss in the death by accident of 'RUPERT' CASTLE. He was a leader through whom Toc H became an active challenge to others.

F. G. Winsor: Whitley Bay Branch

Whitley Bay Branch deeply regret the death on March 28 at an early age, of the Rev. FREDERICK WINSOR, Padre of the Branch.

A. J. Jervis: Lancaster Branch

AUBREY JOHN JERVIS, who died on April 7, aged 34, was Vicar of St. Luke's and late Padre of the Branch. Both Toc H and the Skerton Lads' Club have lost a valuable friend.

THE HOMELESS POOR

We count it a privilege to print the following article by the late MARY HIGGS. She wrote it for the JOURNAL and had not finished revising it when she died on March 19, at the age of 84. Born in Wiltshire, she went to live at Oldham, where she began to work for homeless women. She spent the rest of her life in the service of wayfarers, among whom she was widely known as "Mother Mary." She constantly went 'on tramp' herself, helped to found the Vagrancy Reform Society, and wrote several books ("Glimpses of the Abyss," "My Brother the Tramp," etc.). In 1937 she was decorated with the O.B.E.

IN very many parts of England, Toc H visits the local Casual Ward on Sunday afternoon. Such visits are very much valued, and afford a welcome relief from the monotony of a 'tramp ward' Sunday. They also must give rise in the minds of many members of Toc H to thoughts on the homelessness of many fellow-countrymen. Why are so many homeless?

Of course it is easy to say—"It is their own fault." But a little reflection will show that in this migratory age it is not only the wealthy or even those who can 'hike,' who may be in need of shelter, and stranded far from home, or without a home. Here, for instance, is a stoker or 'fireman.' He has been on board many a ship, an essential part of her crew. But he has to travel from one port to another to find a new berth. If he is 'down in his luck' you may find him in the casual ward. Here is a signwriter, he has exhausted the opportunities of one town, and has to seek another. Here always, after the potatoes are dug or the fruit gathered, are men who must travel. Here may even be men removed by the Labour Exchange to a new district, and not always finding that their job lasts. Of course a proportion have homes, but single men are often homeless, and God pity the younger men, even if some are 'prodigal sons.'

Thank God, He is already doing so. There now exists an Association of Young Wayfarers Hostels, covering most of England, and with the assistance of Masters,

boys and young men can be directed to the nearest casual ward and from there to one of the Young Wayfarers' Hostels where they can be received and helped to situations. This arrangement, in which most counties join, is not quite perfect. Some Masters are more willing than others to direct them to the right help, some lads do not know about this help, or are unwilling to take it. Every Toc H member visiting Casual Wards should know about this help. Particulars can be got from the Secretary, Mr. Shone, 49, Doughty Street, Holborn, who is himself also connected with the London Federation for the help of the Homeless Poor, and the welfare Office of the L.C.C. which registers those who apply for beds and assistance. In six months, after the register was opened, 13,646 applied.

The Plight of the Older Man

But that only shows the magnitude of the problem; and what about the older men? Lads may have homes behind them: not seldom the job of the Hostels for young Wayfarers is to restore a lad to his home. But there are also the orphans and those with stepfathers or stepmothers or those pushed out of homes by the Means Test (not a few). It is wonderful how many can be 'put on their feet' by a little real befriending. But what about the older men? Especially what about those who are not likely ever to be able to recover a home, many who once have had one,

which makes the tramp life all the bitterer. Is England justified in offering only two nights shelter (or three, with Sundays) and then pushing them out, whatever the weather, to tramp weary miles for 'the next kip'? What is more likely to turn a man into a confirmed tramp? The old vagrant who loves the life of the road has almost vanished, but we are doing our best to create more, for a man has to conform to the life he is forced to lead, has to make the best of it, and to learn the tricks of the trade. Is there any hope of getting the middle-aged man, or those older, but not yet eligible for pensions, off the road? I believe there is.

Presently, when on April 1st the Unemployment Board reaches the appointed day, and the able-bodied men come under it, men with an industrial record will be eligible for an allowance, said to be 15s., or the same sum as is now granted to the single man on Out-relief. It was the discovery of one "Fellowship and Service Club" for the unemployed, that locally there were many men who needed to be 'homed.' They were not tramps, and yet some of them had been 'on the road.' What happens to many homeless men is that they think somewhere in England they will find work. And so they set off to try their fortunes, only to return disillusioned. Mr. Gibbons, now the head of the Northern Home for Young Wayfarers, Windlestone Hall, Ferry Hill, who is just about to publish a book on his three years scheme for redeeming them, himself after the War tramped and found out the 'lions in the path' of a friendless man on the road. But if a man has an income of 15s. a week, or the 17s. a week Unemployment benefit, why not 'home' him?

Fellowship Hostels

It can be done. For we have experimented, and find that a Fellowship Hostel

can be run on self-supporting lines after the first cost of furnishing, the men putting down 5s. for lodge and a shilling a day for board. We have now run our first Hostel for 16 men nearly three years. Men there are enquiring, Sunday by Sunday, how they can get out of the life, and are looking forward to being free men once more.

But there is perhaps a more important discovery that we are making. The unemployed, if made into a Family—think! Who have more knowledge of the homeless than men who have travelled England? Who have more leisure to think than the unemployed! It is true that some lose their brains in the life of the road, but you have only to read such books as *I was a Tramp*, by John Brown, or *Half a Million Tramps*, by W. A. Gape, to find that some use them. A man called Lionel Jones, ('Books for Wayfarers,' Baldock, Herts), who lives up to his name, has discovered a really remarkable thirst for knowledge among men on the road. And Mr. Wright has discovered that his 'family' discuss with great knowledge of the real problems, how to redress the evils of 'our body politic.'

In some way or other we must find out how to solve our problems—or perish.

The small Home or Hostel where the wayfarer can be studied, is surely the solution to this grave problem. And whenever such houses appear they can be helped. Have busy members of Toc H time to do so? They visit Casual Wards. Will they go in and help to make a Happy Family of Homeless men in these homes?

Even if all Casual Wards were desirable as England's remedy for the Wayfarer (and in some, fortunately few, they are 'treated like criminals'), we may be sure that our Master really wants us to help make 'folds for the sheep.'

MARY HIGGS.



THE NEW AMBULANCE BEFORE THE TOWN HALL AT UMTALI, SOUTHERN RHODESIA.

The evening of February 10 saw the completion of an excellent "job" carried out by the Toc H Branch at Umtali, Southern Rhodesia—the presentation of a new ambulance to the town. Less than a year ago, the Branch started the ambitious scheme to provide one. The citizens had shown great goodwill and the Town Council had given a substantial contribution. The Mayor, in receiving the gift, said that the project was due to the energy and enterprise of Toc H, to whose work locally and world-wide he paid a generous tribute. The ambulance is a Ford V-8 commercial van modified for its purpose, and was constructed in Bulawayo.



TALBOT HOUSE, MALTA

TALBOT HOUSE, MALTA

Visitors to Toc H in Malta and readers of the JOURNAL have long known of a Toc H Hostel in Sliema. The foundation and maintenance of the first venture in Point Street was a gallant effort on the part of Sliema Group. The narrow entrance hall and stairs of their headquarters used to be packed with Naval ratings on Guest-nights, its little rooms full to suffocation; and the top landing, which served as a dormitory, was almost literally paved with the three or four beds that could be crammed into it. Something more spacious was needed, and a move was made to 106, Strada Ridolfo, a somewhat fantastically ornate building which was illustrated in these pages in April, 1935 (Plate xv). That house served its purpose up to the hilt, but another move became necessary—this time into a large house in the next street, after two months of house-hunting. On March 20, the move was made, not without regrets. As the Warden writes: "If ever there was the real Toc H spirit, it certainly existed at '106,' and, with those ideals and memories in mind, the new home will be exactly the same."

And the Warden himself? None other than 'Dicky' Dines (see September JOURNAL, 1936), the member of Toc H Alexandria who became known as a friend to thousands of Navy men when the Mediterranean Fleet was concentrated in Egyptian waters during the anxious months of the Ethiopian trouble. Night after night he ran a little Toc H 'information bureau' on the quay where they landed. And now he has been transferred to Malta for full-time wardenship of the new House, where he will be found by many old friends.

"Talbot House" stands in Strada Mrabat (all the streets in Malta are now being renamed in Maltese or English instead of Italian). The architecture of the house, so they say, is unique in the Island—but whether that is a good thing or not readers can attempt to judge for themselves by looking at Plate XVIII. A house-agent might begin his description:—"Spacious, marble-floored entrance hall; 4 bed., 5 recep., etc.," but it is

better than that would sound. The ground floor contains a lounge, with a ceiling painted by an Italian artist, where twenty men can sit comfortably in armchairs, as well as a lounge-verandah, with wicker chairs, leading on to an open verandah, which overlooks the garden. Said garden boasts a palm tree, four lemon trees, a small orange tree, a grape vine and many kinds of flowers. And in it stands a derelict garage which is to be turned into a chapel; one or two shipwrights and some R.A.F. men are standing by to get on with the job of converting it.

Then there is the kitchen, where the Irish cook reigns supreme; a small dining room for the company when it is small; and when it is large, a big dining room, with games room adjoining—these two rooms can be thrown into one and will hold a hundred men—a fine meeting place. Dicky and Mrs. Dines have their own quarters on this floor.

Upstairs there are three bedrooms, one with seven beds, one with five and the third with two. As Navy men are granted all-night leave until 7 a.m., these rooms are certain to be in great demand. A night in them will be a change from sleeping on board ship, where conditions are not luxurious.

More stairs lead to the Quiet Room, furnished with two divan beds, writing desks and bookcase—a place to which men can escape for reading, writing or study. On this level, the flat roof commands a wonderful view of the coast-line, and, on days when visibility is particularly good, of Mount Etna in Sicily, sixty miles away.

Although it has been decided to have a formal opening some time later, the House is already in full swing with meetings, social evenings, discussions and games tournaments. It is fulfilling its 'Aims,' as laid down:—"To provide for the members and probationers of all units a *home* in the truest sense of the word, where they can live the Family life of Toc H daily; To endeavour to stimulate the interest in the minds of all men as to the possibilities and realities of Toc H; To live more fully the Toc H life."

MULTUM IN PARVO

☛ SIR HERBERT STANLEY has accepted the office of Hon. Commissioner of Toc H in Southern Africa for a further three years.

☛ HUGH D. CARROLL has been appointed to be one of the three Toc H representatives on the Executive Committee of the British Empire Leprosy Relief Association, in place of Colonel MYNORS FARMAR, whom ill-health compels for the time being to relinquish many of his activities at All Hallows and elsewhere.

☛ H. T. MILLER has accepted the appointment of Hon. Overseas Commissioner, and will work on Tower Hill with special reference to the Merchant Service.

☛ Wing-Commander J. H. O. JONES, R.A.F., of Cranwell, has been appointed, with the approval of the Air Ministry, to act as liaison officer for Toc H in the R.A.F. The appointment of a serving officer to undertake this duty will greatly help the Hon. Commissioner for Toc H in the R.A.F., Squadron-Leader GORDON, and the Services Advisory Committee.

☛ In addition to the new appointments included in the roll published in the Annual Report, the Rev. A. F. WATTS (lately Western London Area Padre, now in Agra, India) has been appointed an Hon. Association Padre.

☛ Padre G. W. S. HARMER, who has recently been working with Pat Leonard as curate at Hatfield, rejoins the staff on June 1. He will join Bob Watson as second Marks' Padre in London and will also be attached to the staff of St. Swithun's, London Stone.

☛ Padre MICHAEL COLEMAN, Hon. Commissioner for Toc H in Western Canada, returns to this country in August and will join the staff of All Hallows.

☛ GORDON TURVEY (North-Western Area Secretary) has been selected to succeed Alec Churcher as whole-time layman in New Zealand and will sail by the *Rangitane* on July 22. Alec will be returning to England in the autumn.

☛ MICHAEL FURNISS (Chichester) joined the staff for training on April 5. After a short period in London he is now working in the Northern Area.

☛ Congratulations to GEOFFREY JOHNSON (West Yorkshire Area Secretary) on his engagement to Joyce Chappel.

☛ MRS. BALDWIN very kindly acted as hostess at a Drawing Room meeting at 10, Downing Street on April 21, to hear Tubby and the Hon. Administrator talk about Toc H.

☛ All GROUPS desiring to apply for promotion to Branch status this year are asked to see that their applications reach the Guard of the Lamp concerned by the end of June.

☛ Congratulations to the following Groups on their promotion to Branch status:—*Hawera*, *Invercargill* and *New Plymouth* (New Zealand), *Fishponds* (Western Area), *Haywards Heath* (Surrey and Sussex Area), *Padiham* (Manchester Area), *Ruislip* (Western London Area) and *Widnes* (North-Western Area).

THE WORLD CHAIN OF LIGHT

The first observance of this symbolic act was initiated in Perth, Western Australia, in 1929. Since then, the World Chain has been started once from Johannesburg in South Africa and on other occasions from The Old House. This year Toc H in India and Burma has accepted the Central Executive's invitation to start the World Chain of Light from Calcutta, where a Vigil will be kept during

the twenty-four hours round the Lord Roberts Lamp for India.

All Branches and Groups wishing to take their part are asked to "stand to" at 9 p.m. by their own time—on Saturday, December 11, for those Westward of Calcutta, to the Pacific, and on Sunday, December 12, for those in New Zealand, Australia, Japan, China, Malaya and Burma.

IN SEARCH OF DIVERSITY

"AUBERGE de la Jeunesse? à gauche, à gauche." Three dusty wayfarers thanked the cottager and passed on up the hillside. We had that day eaten an English breakfast, the last for some time, in old-world Antwerp, mingled with the throng in crowded markets, travelled across Belgium in the carefree hurly-burly of its Sunday afternoon, eventually to arrive in a motor 'bus which seemed to ignore all laws of speed and equilibrium, but which nevertheless deposited us safely with a motley collection of holiday-makers, travellers, shoppers and merchants in the Place St. Arnould at Bouillon sur Semois.

At last we should have a decent wash, food and rest. The door opened and a smiling, rotund hostel father exceedingly brown and muscular, came out to greet his new 'children.' Evening came, and walkers and cyclists of four nationalities gathered round to the heavy meal of the day, eager to make up for the inroads of the day's energies. They do not stint you in the Ardennes, nor for that matter anywhere in Belgium, food is plentifully provided and poor appetites are scarce. Which is as it should be.

With surprising ease one becomes adjusted to new surroundings, one's sense of values adopts a new perspective, we become part of that picturesque landscape. Here the busy cities of industrial Belgium have been left far away, our own workaday world so far that the imagination can scarce conjure up the image of it. Strangely enough, there are parts of the Ardennes, such as the part which embraces the Semois valley, which are little penetrated by English folk, and remain a playground for the French of the Nord and the Belgians. One is, in fact, inclined to believe they have preserved the best spots for themselves. Larger centres,

such as Dinant, are well-known, but true enjoyment of the country and its people does not come to the tourist who merely follows recognised routes. Far happier the adventurer who goes where he thinks he will when the fit takes him.

The days when the Ardennes was famous for its oak forests and wild boars have long since passed. Conifers now cover these rolling hills and reach down the valleys to the water's edge. The last boar has been hunted. But signs of former history still remain for those who look, in ruined castles dotted here and there, still fortresses for ghosts and memories, the homes of legend and superb chalets perched amid peaceful vistas.

A wooded track—this might be England, but always a subtle difference can be sensed; here a blue-painted signboard 'Dohan' strikes the unusual note. Below is the river gliding along its sinuous course, a glade, ragged robin, burdock and flowers we cannot name. A party of brawny woodcutters bending to their work with a woman close by cutting hunks of bread for their mid-day meal: we shout a greeting and pass on down to the river's edge where a waggoner waist-deep is urging his horses across the ford. At last we call a halt at one of the little villages where all save the inn seems to belong to feudal times and electric light an incongruous intrusion.

We search out mine host, order *bière*, and stretch our legs before the little tables on the concrete terracing of the hostelry and speculate on the contents of the 'mother's' picnic lunch packets. Sandwiches, an inch thick, of bread and butter interspliced with ginger cake, cake and fruit. Picnic, did I say? Man's food this, good and satisfying after a morning's hike.

Life runs easily here, silently and

smoothly like the river at the end of the street. Many of these tiny hamlets tucked away in the fold of the hills have progressed little in parallel with modern times, the vortex of the all-important twentieth century has not yet caught them up, in this lies their charm; to the outside world they are inaccessible. Except on trunk routes, metalled roads are scarce, and those few who on discovery bent venture their streamlined limousines on country tracks are scarcely rewarded with a pleasant passage.

More slopes, smells of fir, more woodcutters and piles of cordwood; an outlying farm or two with huge tobacco-drying sheds; another village, tobacco again, hanging in bunches outside whitewashed cottage walls. A day's tramp over, a company of adventurers is drawn hostelswards again. International relationships elsewhere is a high-sounding phrase of the pundits, here from our practical point of view it means companionship for a while with people from other lands having the same love of the outdoors, the same healthy appreciation of the simple things of life. A middle-aged Belgian, grey-haired but ruddy, has cycled in to-night. He tells me of a recent tour in southern England. Two French lads deplore the strikes, the industrial unrest in their land, a Dutch boy asks us to croon the latest 'hit' enjoying its butterfly existence on our radio, and the disillusioned voice of a lady from France, "But I thought the English were so beeg!"

As we crowd together round little song books the 'salle' rings with tunes handed down the ages expressing something of the histories, the sentiments of German, French and English. The father teaches a song of the Sud-Afrikaans, Dutch is difficult to repeat at first, but the rhythm helps and tune and words are soon caught up. Translation follows afterwards. English

songs won their popularity long ago, they are taken for granted, explanation is not asked for and not given. Oh! the so ignorant English who only England know. We pass out later to the dormitory and silently 'join the jubilant song of the great stars sweeping by.' When minds are in this key, what we call the problems of our complicated and sophisticated civilisation seem strangely unreal, provokingly stupid.

When walking palls, we look for other pastimes. For a franc or two you can hire a towel and cubicle to swim in the river dam above the weir, or an aluminium canoe to fight a battle with the current, or even a quaint bicycle, with broad tyres and primitive brakes, which is an adventure in itself. A short journey by 'bus or train and you are over the border into France, Germany, or the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg. Perhaps, if you are sufficiently polite and persuasive, the Director will conduct you over the radio station which so ardently seeks your patronage on Sundays. Amazing friendliness on every side. 'English' and 'welcome' are synonymous terms. Your little eccentricities are overlooked. You may clamour for milk in your coffee or blithely ask for tea or persistently seek to distinguish between Flemish and Dutch, but you are always welcome. So far as Belgium is concerned you warmly reciprocate that welcome. Then the extraordinary cheapness of living! For your £ you will buy perhaps 150 fr. belge, and in time you will collect a handful of coins of a lower order. A till is ransacked for 10 centimes change. Travel is similarly cheap. A railway journey costs just over ½d. per mile—you can, in fact, travel from Antwerp into the heart of the Ardennes for less than 7/- and, if you have taken the precaution of joining the English Y.H.A., a chain of hostels, bed and meals are at your disposal for an average charge of 2/6 a day. T. W. R.

RECRUITMENT FOR TOC H

I AM going to take the subject of recruitment in Toc H and tear it into six pieces, in what I hope is a simple manner, so that we can see the problem involved clearly, and thus discover in what proportion the difficulties and failures are ours in Toc H or those of the outside world.

The six pieces are:—

Where do recruits come from?

Who is to do the recruiting?

What are the qualifications for all who recruit?

What conditions are laid down for recruits?

What is the method of recruitment?

What is the aim of recruitment?

Some of these pieces need more deliberation than others but all, however obvious they may at first appear, are worthy of more thought than we can give them here.

* * * *

Where do recruits come from?

Two words, 'the world', would seem to answer this question. That is true, but not the whole truth, for some errors in our ideas of recruitment are ignored in that answer.

As John Wesley said, the world is our parish, and if we mean that in his way we look for all sorts and conditions of men. In that sense, 'the world' is a sufficient answer to the question. But if we look for ready-made Toc H men, or for those whom we think are likely to become good Toc H men, or for those who will quickly or easily become attracted to Toc H ideals, the world is not our parish. If these are our ideas, then we can only look at a certain section of the world, and those who represent other sections are ignored by us, or, if they make enquiries, are put off by our surprise, shyness, or inability to answer their questions or speak their language.

I do not believe that Toc H is Everyman's Club in the sense that it is the one and only way for all men to discover the truths of God and man and life, but I do believe that it is Everyman's Club in the sense that, given certain conditions within a unit, all sorts of

men are attracted or made curious and can discover truth and feel at home.

Our recruits come from the whole world and not from certain sections selected by us. There are few ready-made Toc H men; there is no best type of recruit; no man is always incapable of responding to Toc H at its best.

* * * *

Who is to do the recruiting?

Again two words would seem to be a sufficient answer, 'we are'. There is no possible qualification of that assertion, it merely needs constant re-emphasis, but there are falser ideas that need to be combated.

The talker is the best recruiting agent.

This is one statement that implies that those who cannot readily talk are unable to do any recruiting. This is false in theory and untrue in fact. It is false in theory because it implies that the less talkative cannot pass on a spirit, and that a spirit is only passed on in words. It is untrue in fact because many a shy, inarticulate man has brought others into Toc H.

I have no more men I can ask.

This is untrue in every way, and at bottom clearly indicates the idea that he who says this does not see the world as the parish of Toc H, and only thinks in terms of his friends and acquaintances, and a very limited number of them, generally only those to whom he dare mention Toc H.

Men don't want Toc H or any idealistic movement.

Here is another lie that has within it a grain of truth, that grain being the general reluctance of men and women to-day to accept ideals at first sight, and at their face value, and the growing scepticism about the things of the Spirit.

It is also a lie that reveals that members have been influenced by this scepticism, and are looking at men as they appear on the surface, and not into the depths of men's minds and hearts. For behind this scepticism, actually revealed in it and in the criticism of those who believe in ideals and fail to live up to them, is a hunger for an ideal way of life

that is practicable. We, all who are members of Toc H, are to do the recruiting.

* * * *

What are the qualifications for recruiting?

In other words, what is the definition of a Toc H member? You will notice that I have not said a 'good Toc H member,' because, by the use of that phrase I should imply that there are some whose special work it is to recruit, and many whose job it is just to be Toc H men. I can see no justification for drawing such a distinction, even though obviously there are various degrees of growth and understanding in Toc H, and though individual members pass through phases of bewilderment and doubt, in which periods they are unable to pass on an enthusiasm they have temporarily lost.

A Toc H member is a recruiting agent for Toc H because he has a reason for the faith that is in him. He knows that Toc H is not an end in itself, he sees it as an unrivalled opportunity for discovering the way of life in company with his fellow servants of God and man, he is aware of how much he is learning and of the joy that this brings, and because of all this he wants others to share his joys and privileges and knows that his, and his unit's, experiences will be limited unless all sorts of men are welcomed into, and attracted by, his unit and all its life. Toc H is for him a full time job, not in the amount of time he gives during his leisure hours to specifically Toc H jobs, but in the sense that at work, at play, and at home, and in his relations with all sorts of men, he is a Toc H man. He has, and he knows he has, with the presumption found in all who have made discoveries, the secret of living, and because he has it, not by any right or virtue of his own, he is quite unable to keep it to himself. He is aware of an urge within him that, according to his personality, breaks down barriers, fears, prejudices and hatreds. He may call this urge openly and gladly God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the urge may be clearly associated with his experiences in some Christian communion, or he may call this urge the spirit of Toc H, and, though believ-

ing in God, he has not yet felt clear enough in his own mind to associate himself with a church; but he does associate himself with God, falteringly perhaps, shyly, but the urge is upon him and within him and will not let him go, as it is with his fellow members whose way is clearer.

Whatever the exact state of his mind he is a missionary with the zeal and enthusiasm of the missionary who does not want to do men good, but who does yearn to give to men the joy and opportunities he has found.

He knows he is unfit and is not aware of his qualifications, but he cannot help himself; in the words of St. Paul, he is not disobedient to the heavenly vision, a heavenly vision revealed to him in the simple, even childlike ways of fellowship, service and fairmindedness of a group of ordinary men.

* * * *

What are the conditions of recruitment?

The recruit is simply asked, once he has said that he wants to join Toc H, if he is willing to join this band of men and go with them in the direction they go. It must be clearly stated that he is not asked to do or say exactly as they do and say, but that he is expected to abide by the general rules and principles to which they submit themselves. Toc H says to the recruit "Will you go with us? We have as few rules as possible, we make no conditions except that, as you are able, with all your might, you give yourself, your whole self. We have no definite clear-cut policy, as policies are generally conceived, we are launching no campaign against any pressing evil, but, vague as all this may seem, we know where we are going, we have a fixed, unalterable direction and we know Who is leading us. Will you come on those conditions?" It is for him to answer.

* * * *

What is the method of recruitment?

If all that has been said means anything, there is and can be only one method of recruitment, and that is the method that a friend uses with a brother man. Friendship is the keynote of all missionary effort and

method, and not friendship on the flimsy basis that so is life made bearable, but friendship on the sure foundation that it is the meaning of life and the secret of all true living. A method proceeding from such a basis has infinite variations and there is no set way that can be issued for the guidance of the membership, nor even a series of warnings and suggestions that will help in different sets of circumstances.

This must be said lest we grow soft as members or allow recruits in without a clear understanding of what we are about: that if a man has not found the method and its secret, he has not found it and does not possess it; that he has not yet seen the purpose of Toc H and that no man can give it to him as he can be given an apple, or some such tangible thing. A man has discovered this method or he has not. That is all there is to be said, except that every man can find it, if, and only if, he will submit himself to the discipline of learning with other men. If God did not make us all capable of the gift of friendship, then of all men we are most miserable, and even more miserably deluded, because Toc H is based, not on a breezy genial atmosphere of friendship, but on the friendship of one for another that grows out of a common experiment in the way of living.

We shall all express our friendships in different ways; some will be quicker than others in the way of friendship, some less talkative than others, some will learn to weep where they never wept for men's woes before, others will learn the ways of laughter that were not theirs before. One man will spend much time in a public house, another in the political club, or Trade Union, yet another at the sports club or cycling, while others will stay where they are and among those who have been their acquaintances for many years, and some will get to know their neighbours. Pages could be filled with what men will do, one word reveals our method, that one word is friendship or love.

If there is any doubt in any man's mind that such a method can succeed in bringing not

merely new recruits into Toc H, but many men into God's way of life, but without the Toc H badge, let them pause and consider their own personal membership, the reason for their entrance to Toc H and the responsibilities that membership, voluntarily re-entered each year, places on them. In other words, do you or do you not possess the secret of this method friendship? If you do not, no person or persons can discharge you from Toc H; rather those who have the secret will give infinite patience to help you to find the secret, but your consideration must be on this alternative—either I must try to find the secret or I must leave Toc H.

This method of friendship, by its very nature, cannot be the individual member's sole responsibility. Toc H does not say to the membership, "Here is the principle of friendship, now go and work it out by yourself in the world" but it does say, "Here is, not merely the principle, but friendship itself, practised in this mixed group of men, this is how it is achieved." And the local District and unit goes on to reveal the ways of friendship, not only by manifesting love in action within itself, but also by ever deepening its member's concern and love and sympathy for all men, and in particular for those in the immediate vicinity of the District and unit. Toc H does not only say "Here is a problem, e.g., unemployment," it says, "Here is a man who is unemployed, or lonely, or sceptical, or fearful, or sinful." But notice, the qualification comes second, the man comes first, and it is only as we depart from God's ways of love that man comes second, and his label, or the qualifying statement about him, comes first.

This is the method, God's way with you and me, the costly way my father, my brother, my friend, took and goes on taking with me, a way without which I should be lost, hopeless, comfortless, a sinner past redemption.

What is the aim of recruitment?

That men might know God and his brother, and be reconciled both to God and man in love and understanding. J.R.P.

SPORTING TOC H

This year we ought to preface these accounts of the 'Soccer' and 'Rugger' Tournaments, not with witticisms, but with a reference to the sporting side of Toc H in general. The plain fact should be admitted. The Sports' Club is not in that flourishing condition which it might be. But there are doubtless many reasons for this. For instance, do we attract the fellow who indulges heartily in sport?—it's a pity if we don't; do the active sportsmen in Toc H play mostly for other clubs?—if this is the case then it is all to the good.

At the same time, however, there must be among the younger members, many who do not (a) hike at week-ends, (b) bike at week-ends, (c) play for the 'Quins,' (d) run at Queen's Club, (e) jump hurdles at Stamford Bridge, (f) swim in the local baths, (g) wield the willow at Lords, (h) play Bridge—sorry,

that's not a sport, but a fever—or (i) stretch the mind (of course, we refer to the week-end); all of which young members might support the Sports' Club and be glad to do so. It could then become a more active show. As it is, the standard of performance in any sport is not above reproach when you consider that this year that effete institution, Toc H Headquarters, jobbed together a couple of teams, one for each 'Aside' and got through one round in each case!

This year, both the 'Fives' and 'Sevens' were slightly down on the number of entries. The crowd, too, was down, probably due to the weather. On the other hand, the fact that teams entered so far afield as Portsmouth, is encouraging and shows keenness. There are the 'Sports' to come, then cricket, and possibly tennis. Can we respond? It is worth a real effort.

Five-a-sides

This tournament, held on Saturday, April 3 at Folly Farm, New Barnet, under wretched weather conditions, was the sixth in the series. Thirty-six teams entered, this being less than usual, and although there were about three hundred spectators, this was also a smaller crowd than those in previous years. Here, the weather undoubtedly had its effect.

The cheering feature of the Tournament was the entries of the provincial teams from Mid-Herts., High Brooms and Portsmouth. And Mid-Herts. County nearly took the Musters Cup, which Mark II, the holders for so long, lost this year. After a hectic struggle in the final, Muswell Hill beat Mid-Herts. by 2 corners to 1.

Seven-a-sides

The Eleventh Tournament was held on Saturday, April 10, 1937, at Folly Farm, New Barnet. The weather, after a miserable morning, during which the ground was efficiently quagmired, became pleasant in the afternoon. There were about the usual number of entries—actually sixteen.

It was obvious from the beginning that Mark II and Enfield and Grange Park were the two best teams and when they met in the Final each had scored 39 points to nil against their opponents.

The standard of play was not as high as on some recent occasions, but this can be partly accounted for by the appalling ground con-

ditions. Considering the earlier state of the weather there was quite a goodly crowd to watch. The Final was played at a good pace and the teams were very evenly matched. Enfield and Grange Park, fielding a team consisting of six members of the Toc H Rugger Club, were a more balanced team and their knowledge of each other's play was a great help to them. Mark II were a more youthful team and held their own up till half time, but two magnificent tries by G. F. Gracey altered the complexion of things, and a further try made the score up to 11-0, and gave the Holders of the Cup another win.

G. B.

TO HELP THE LEPER

Numbers of letters have been received lately from those who wish to do their bit in answer to Tubby's appeal to help the lepers. Several methods have already been adopted by Branches and Groups, and we enunciate some of these—partly by way of acknowledgment and partly as suggestions to those who are in doubt as to how to set about it. For convenience we divide these under four heads: study, rousing interest, raising money, work parties and help in kind.

* * * *

Study.—This is the best way to begin. Leprosy is a little-known disease. Where are the lepers, how do the people get it, do they suffer much, how is it treated and prevented, what about the Toc H volunteers and others who go out to *help the leper* and try to *abolish leprosy*? Interest is all very well, but if it is to lead anywhere it must be rooted in knowledge; and the deeper and more widespread the roots, the larger the tree of accomplishment. B.E.L.R.A. has plenty of literature and a letter to 131, Baker Street will always bring a response. As an example—over thirty young men, who have volunteered for service abroad and cannot yet be sent out for want of funds, are getting the quarterly journal—*Leprosy Review*—and studying what is one of the most difficult, though among the most interesting, of problems.

* * * *

Rousing Interest in Others.—There are many ways of doing this. B.E.L.R.A. have a lecture on "Leprosy in Nigeria" illustrated by sixty lantern slides. A copy of the lecture along with a set of these slides can be had either to buy or on loan, and lectures can then be given at Toc H meetings, or to Sunday Schools and such like. Public meetings can be arranged and addressed either by those who have prepared themselves as mentioned above, or by speakers sent by B.E.L.R.A. Another plan is to arrange discussion groups. Anyone who has made a special study could plan out a course of lessons; for the subject is a large one and requires much careful study. B.E.L.R.A. has

an Exhibition which is shown in various centres and local Branches have done much to help in preparing for it and in running it.

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Raising Money.—It takes £250 a year to send out and maintain a lay worker in a leper settlement. Harrow District is endeavouring to raise a sponsorship for five years for one lay worker and the Western Area for another. The Withington Branch staged *Journey's End* and sent in a cheque for £70. The Southern London Acting Team are also raising money in this way. Those wishing further information might write to R. A. Davies, 68, Lancaster Road, Fallowfield, Manchester, 14; or R. A. Earthrowl, 267, Brockley Road, London, S.E.4. B.E.L.R.A. have a play entitled *The Price of Peace*, by Rev. R. Bowers Garlick of Kettering, copies of which can be had by those who would like to stage it.

Miss Egerton, 9, Royal Avenue, Chelsea, might give information about running an "American Tea Party"; they cleared £17. Whist Drives were successfully run by Acton L.W.H., Buckland and Hawkhurst Toc H, and Cheadle Hulme Toc H and L.W.H. An "Arts & Crafts" Sale in Harrow District was successful (E. P. Blake, 57, Kingsley Road, South Harrow). Bozeat Branch raised £2 8s. 9d. by a self-denial week (A. H. Lack, School House, Bozeat, Northants.). Bradwell and Pitchcombe drew £1 3s. and £1 13s. respectively by singing Christmas carols.

V. H. Griffiths, 10, Western Road, Gorleston-on-Sea, will be able to tell of the efforts of his Branch through stamp collecting. Huddersfield and Highgate Branches gave Dances, and the Huddersfield L.W.H. organised a Jumble Sale. Several Branches have collected much by placing collecting boxes with special labels (to be had from B.E.L.R.A.) in shops, clubs and other prominent places. Portsmouth District collects in cocoa tins with labels showing Gwawiya before and after treatment (R. H. Carpenter, 39, Outram Road, Southsea). Other suggestions are Garden Parties, Concerts, Musical Recitals, Flag Days. We wish to make it

clear that lack of space has precluded reference to many excellent endeavours of Branches and individuals which we should have liked to mention. We would thank them for their hearty response.

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Work Parties and Help in Kind.—Some find it easier to give in kind rather than in money. Derby Toc H and others collected old pipes to send out to the lepers. L.W.H. Branches arranged work parties to make bandages and other medical requirements for leper settlements. The following is a list of the things which would be useful: Draw sheets made from twill or calico, 2 yds. × 1 yd.; ordinary sheets; pillow cases made from calico, 20 in. × 30 in.; plain towelling, 36 in. × 24 in.; turkish towelling 36 in. × 24 in.; dusters, 20 in. square; blankets, 4 ft. × 6 ft.; children's blankets, 4 ft. 6 in. × 3 ft.; vests for children and adults; knitted or bright coloured scarves, 45 in. × 10 in.; shirts of unbleached calico or dark blue;

calico to make native garments; pneumonia jackets; patchwork quilts, 6 ft. × 4 ft., made from squares cut from old knitted articles; roller bandages, 6 yds. × 2 in. to 6 in.; T bandages, the waist band 44 in. long × 3½ in. wide and the upright 40 in. long × 5½ in. wide; swabs made from 4 layers of gauze folded 4 in. square; theatre cloths made from calico, 27 in. square and hemmed; wringers for fomentations made of strong calico, 36 in. × 16 in. hemmed. These will be forwarded if sent to the British Empire Leprosy Relief Association, 131, Baker Street, London, W.1.

Finally, doubt has been expressed in some quarters whether a too vigorous response to Tubby's appeal to help the leper may not cripple efforts for the needy at home, and interfere with local financial responsibilities. We would therefore wind up with the wise old proverb: "There is that scattereth and yet increaseth; there is that withholdeth more than is due, but it tendeth to poverty."

THE ATHLETIC SPORTS

The Toc H Athletic Sports takes place at Folly Farm, New Barnet, on Saturday, May 22. Please enter if you can. There are not only individual cups to be won (for L.W.H. also), but the Fleming Trophy to be competed for. The Fleming Trophy, given in 1928 by Mark II in memory of Herbert Fleming, the first Administrative Padre of Toc H, is awarded to the unit team which

achieves the highest points in the purely athletic events. Mark II have so far always held the trophy. We like Mark II, but we can't approve of their continual possession. Wanted, a London or Provincial unit to carry it off. The standard of the sports is not very high. This should encourage you, come in and raise it. Saturday, May 22—Toc H Athletic Sports.

A REBUKE

DEAR SIR,

I crave your attention,
The JOURNAL for Feb. has just come:
There's one little thing I would mention,
It's very important to some.
It's a matter of deepest regret, sir,
To find on the 85th page
There's something you Pommies haven't
learnt yet, sir;
In spite of your Coming-of-Age!
That 'Home and Colonial' cognomen,
That savours of tea-pots and lids

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Is really a word of ill-omen—
I'm really surprised at East Mids!
In the Editor's sanctum baronial
They should have more knowledge, of course,
Than to call the Dominions, 'colonial'—
Has Ottawa lost all its force?
As an Aussie by adoption and grace, sir,
I register my strongest protest:
And 'colonial' excise from its place, sir!
(You've heard that we've just won the Test!)

Perth, W.A.

SANDY.

TRAINING—VIII.

IV. THE KINGDOM OF GOD.

*To spread the Gospel without preaching it.
Members are called upon—*

*To recognise the spiritual nature of
Man and to demonstrate that a life of
Fellowship, Service and Fairmindedness
bears better witness than any spoken word.*

IN the first paper of the New Training Policy written on the first of the Objects of Toc H, the question of the "Common Christian Life of the Association" was discussed. According to this Object, it is through this Common Christian life that members of Toc H are to be encouraged to seek God, to find His will and to do it. The assumption is that through the practice of the Points of the Compass the principles of Christianity are practised. In the earlier part of this same paper we dealt with the development of Fellowship and Service from the days of the Great War and endeavoured to show how the traditions of Fellowship and Service manifested by all ranks could be preserved and transmitted. In all these things we were dealing with internal matters and thinking in terms of our own membership. We were applying our pledges, practice and technique of our meetings to our own selves and to our own personal development in Toc H.

Now we are to think of the "other ranks," the people who are outside our Membership. The people with whom we work, live, travel and play; those we sit with on Committees; those who serve us. We are to spread the Gospel. The inference is that having reached the Fourth Point, we are in a position and condition to pass on to others outside our own unit the Truth and the Light that we have found through our common Christian life, and so make our contribution to the building of the Kingdom of God.

Is there a Common Christian Life?

In the paper already referred to, one of the questions set for discussion was "Is there a common Christian life of the Association of Toc H?" In more than a few units and at

District Team Meetings, this question was fully discussed. Quite a number of men who had had long experience of Toc H and who had held or were holding responsible offices, considered that there could not be a common Christian life in Toc H because they were not professed and declared Christians—at least so far as practising membership of a Church was concerned. As they were not active members of a Church, they could not be Christians, and as they were not Christians they could not share in or assist to create a common Christian life. They appeared to be quite happy about the pledges they had accepted when they signed the membership form; they practised the Points of the Compass; joined quite sincerely in Family Prayers and did not boggle at the terms of the Main Resolution. They included in their fellowship all kinds and conditions of men and as an expression of that Fellowship they were happy about sacrificial service. But they declared quite sincerely that whilst they had caught something which had changed them but which they could not explain, they were not sharing in a common Christian life because that could only be done by those who were members of organised religious bodies.

It is not the purpose of this paper to discuss "what is a Christian": obviously we cannot defend or argue here the ethics of the matter. What we are concerned about is that if these men are right and if they represent a fair proportion of our membership then the Fourth Point might as well be forgotten. If we are not consciously practising the principles of Christianity how can we spread the Gospel? We may practice fellowship and service, share in family prayers, etc., but unless we acknowledge, if only to ourselves, that these matters are essential parts of a Christian life, the Kingdom we are looking for is a material one and we are completely "missing the bus." What, then, must we do in order that we may carry out the Fourth Point as we do the other Three?

"The Four Points of the Compass," first drafted in 1920, have been revised from time to time in wording although never in inten-

tion. As time passes, and our understanding of Toc H grows, things which we hardly dared to dream of at the start are seen to come fully within the Toc H Compass. For this reason there is an additional definition of the Fourth Point which reads:—

Members are called upon—

To recognise the spiritual nature of man and to demonstrate that a life of Fellowship, Service and Fairmindedness bears better witness than any spoken word.

The further definition is very helpful for the comprehension of our subject and gives us a clear lead for this paper.

We may now attempt to collect together the main points of our subject matter and discuss them.

What we are to do

We are to spread the Gospel. Obviously, we must first know what is meant by the Gospel and so we have called our old friend the dictionary into service again. According to this guide and mentor we find that the word Gospel is derived from the Anglo-Saxon and means godspell: this, in turn, is derived from god or good and spell-story, and so we have god-story or good-story. This is further defined as good-tidings and according to the dictionary, means especially the good news concerning Christ and His salvation. Our friend goes on to further definitions, viz.: "one of the historical narratives of the life and sayings of Jesus Christ" and "the word of God in general." Amongst still further definitions we find that the Gospel is "sure and certain truth."

We are now in a position to discuss the significance of our key-word—Gospel.

It would seem that before we can spread such a thing as the Gospel we must first of all understand what the word means. Then we must read it, try to understand it and discuss it. In other words, we can and should treat it as an invaluable member of our unit library and consider it as the best of our Toc H books.

In this way we are studying one of the historical narratives of the life and sayings of

our Lord, and by so doing are dealing with "the word of God in general." Here it is suggested we find "sure and certain truth" and so there can be no question of divergent or controversial opinions if we accept this book as authoritative.

The definition "sure and certain truth" may be held to be controversial. Vital sentences in one of the Gospels are sometimes given a different rendering in another Gospel. Such differences apparently contradict each other so much that general agreement as to which is "sure and certain" is impossible.

Whilst this is recognised it does not really affect the main argument that with the Gospels we are dealing with "the word of God in general." It would be wise in discussing the gospels to put aside such matters as vex the minds of many, and keep straight thinking about the object of these paragraphs, studying the good news concerning Christ and His salvation.

Assuming, then, that we have practised studying the Gospel and are as familiar with it as with any Toc H book, we have a definite basis of knowledge and understanding on which to build our structure of Toc H technique. It should be possible now, with such a foundation, to "demonstrate that a life of Fellowship, Service and Fairmindedness bears better witness than any spoken word."

Is it not true that a man who has learned the value of the first three points of our Compass by practising them in the life and activities of his Unit, adopts them for himself and absorbs them into his own personal life. He is then beginning to "practise" and it is unnecessary for him to preach. His example is sufficient. And so we reach our second point.

Full Meaning of Fellowship

In earlier articles of the New Training Policy we have discussed the significance of the other three Points. We are, therefore, in a position to understand the full meaning of Fellowship—the Eternal Triangle, the reconciliation between man and man, and man and God. We know that we can have fellowship with those who differ widely from us by birth—education or creed. We realise

the difference between doing a job and giving sacrificial service. We have discussed the great phrase "The Son of Man came not to be ministered to, but to minister." We have thrashed out the meaning of Fairmindedness and have some knowledge of the psychological approach to it.

We are also realising that whilst we have—in the main—practised these matters upon ourselves, we are really serving an apprenticeship that will enable us to go forth into the much wider sphere of the world as trained craftsmen.

We are now asked to recognise the spiritual nature of men and so to live and have our being that in our actions men will recognise and be attracted by the appeal to their spiritual natures.

It must be obvious that a movement such as Toc H could not have been inaugurated and certainly would not be developing and spreading over the world unless it had and continues to have men of deep Christian faith in the "sure and certain Truth."

Although the word "faith" is not mentioned in the definitions of our Points—it is not even implied in their straightforward wording—we consider it necessary to say something about it.

Obviously there must be a reason for doing the things we do in Toc H—for fellowship, service and fairmindedness.

Purpose or No Purpose

There is either a "purpose" in it all or else the whole matter has no beginning and no end. It does not seem possible to expect a man to practise and continue to practise different things like jobs of sacrificial service, etc., if it is just "the Toc H way."

We have already remarked that through the practise of the Points of the Toc H Compass the principles of Christianity are practised. Is it "stretching the point" too much to suggest that faith in unseen things is also a principle of Christianity? In such a matter as the Christian life we cannot use logic, but it is only reasonable to suggest that

we cannot successfully continue to perform our difficult tasks in Toc H and as in life from a purely humanitarian motive; if we try to do so we are bound to fail in the end. We might, therefore, go the whole way and believe that Toc H with all its pledges and Points of the Compass are of God and part of His purpose. Is this not the real reason why we join in family prayers at our meetings? We offer our feeble attempts at following the Master's teaching, to God, asking Him to accept them and bless them and asking also for further guidance in our attempts at fellowship and its expression. In other words, we know that we can do very little for the Kingdom of God if we depend entirely on our own efforts, and that without divine assistance we can cut very little ice.

Once this is realised and we admit that as Toc H is a Christian movement, in practising its principles we are carrying out Christ's teaching, it is then much easier to face up to the challenge of the Fourth Point and consciously to work for the extension of the Kingdom of God.

In this way, then, we can now understand why Toc H is called a training ground; we know that in it we are being trained to spread the Gospel by extending the practice of Toc H principles and technique to all with whom we come into contact.

Good works, as we understand them in Toc H, backed by faith in God, with recognition that man has an affinity with God, is the interpretation of the Fourth Point of the Compass.

QUESTIONS.

(1) Is it possible to do one's utmost to practise the points of the Compass within and outside one's unit and not be a Christian?

What is needed, if anything, in addition?

(2) Explain what is meant by "to demonstrate that a life of Fellowship, Service and Fairmindedness bears better witness than any spoken word."

(3) What do you understand by "the Kingdom of God?"

(4) St. Paul says, "Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the proving of things not seen." Discuss this.

P. K.

THE OPEN HUSTINGS

“Oxo”

Last month we recorded the death, on February 12, of Maurice Oxenbould.—Ed.

DEAR SIR,

As one of the “children” who came under his wing during the early days of Mark I may I claim some of your space for a fragment in memory of Maurice Oxenbould. “Oxo” was Hon. Warden just at that critical time when the Mark idea was beginning to be worked out in practice; his was the difficult job of welding together into a team ex-service men of all kinds, some fresh with experience of the Old House, youngsters whose work brought them to London, and others, like myself, the first recruits resulting from Toc H’s drive amongst the public schools.

There were no jobmasters in those days, no organisation of Toc H’s attempts to serve, and an immense amount depended on the personality of the Warden of a Mark. How well “Oxo” carried out the many-sided responsibilities of his office few of us, I’m afraid, ever stopped to think, for things went so consistently well, and little was apparent in the way of organisation. It was not his way to press, or drive; he was not given to speech-making, never emotional, but on the few occasions that he did speak his charm of manner and deep conviction made his own enthusiasm all the more infectious.

Those were the times when Mark I, Mark II and Mark III were Toc H’s only rallying points in the whole of London; when each Wednesday night was a colossal affair with three or four sittings of supper, anything up to 200 present, and some distinguished guest each week. Then after he had organised the feeding and serving of the crowd, as well as coaching us all in the art of Toc H hospitality, “Oxo” left others to take the floor, and during the meeting he might just be descried, amid the haze of smoke, in some far corner of the room.

In later years, when Mark I had moved to 24, Pembridge Gardens, he was respon-

sible for much valuable work on the Branch Executive Committee, particularly on the financial side. But looking back on the nine years that I worked with him, first as his pupil, and then as a co-officer of the Branch, I remember him best as a wonderfully steady influence, a man to whom one instinctively went for advice; and when he did disagree his criticisms were so helpful and so friendly that one never realised he was completely debunking some hair-brained idea. That was “Oxo’s” way. O. S. N.

Using the Microphone

DEAR SIR,

The idea for programmes for small units, suggested by Cyril E. Clarke has already been tried out. It was initiated over a year ago by our former chairman, who suggested that talks taken from *The Listener* would form a useful basis for discussions. Someone who was a good reader (often it fell to the lot of the Padre) would read the article aloud and this would serve as the introduction to the subsequent discussion, in which everyone joined.

On one occasion, May 14, 1936, a wireless-set was borrowed and a discussion on the Means Test listened to; afterwards being prolonged by the Toc H listeners. Broadcast talks, however, rarely occur at a suitable time.

We found that these discussions proved valuable; at that time we were eleven miles from the nearest unit in our district and speakers were hard to obtain.

We are not writing this to claim that we were the pioneers but we think our experience worth recording. On no account should high-brow material be attempted; a talk from the series “If Plato lived again” proved a complete failure. A successful talk, for example, was “Bolshevo.” Jim Burford’s article on “Juvenile Transference” from the Toc H JOURNAL was also used and possibly the JOURNAL could be used more. Unfortunately the material is not always suitable.

Yours sincerely,

Wye, Kent.

W. O. SHARP.

A Protest from Brazil

DEAR EDITOR,

The Executive Committee of the Rio Branch feel that it is their duty, in fairness to Brazil, to lodge a strong complaint about some of the stuff which Barkis served up under the heading "Traveller's Tales" in the January JOURNAL. We appreciate the fact that this article makes excellent reading to the Home Groups and we covet the racy style which Barkis adopts in these narratives, but we feel that many of the statements Barkis makes are not strictly correct, and leave the reader with a distorted opinion of Brazil and the Brazilian.

We speak of the constant references to political tension, revolutions, knives, revolvers and hot tempers. One would think that life in Brazil was a long series of nightmares, whereas, on the contrary, the average Brazilian citizen is far more contented and care-free than the average European. The political tension is largely newspaper scare, and is hardly apparent to the general public.

The statements which we consider most devastating, and very discouraging to our Brazilian probationers are that "the Toc H conception of service flies clean in the face of the ideas which are universal in Brazilian politics and social life," and that "They (the Toc H members) live in a very foreign country which, even if it cared, would scarcely be able to grasp the simplest idea of what Toc H is out for." We agree that to some extent this is true, but is not this largely the case in most other countries?

In justice and fairmindedness let us point something of the other side of Brazil's case. Of the various Brazilian welfare societies, "The Institution for Prevention of Leprosy" is one of which some of us have intimate knowledge, and this alone warrants a drastic modification of the sweeping statement above cited. In this society there is a small group of Brazilian men and women, some of whom are literally wearing themselves out in unselfish sacrifice in the leper cause. They have already planted fine leper colonies in half the states of Brazil, and it is their ultimate aim to

see every state, (21 in all), thus equipped.

We could, of course, add to this example, but we think we have said sufficient to substantiate our protest, and trust that we may have neutralised the effect of Barkis's "Traveller's Tales" in the reader's mind.

In conclusion it would only be fair to Barkis if we pointed out that, during his four or five days sojourn here, he was mostly in the company of Toc H chaps, who were probably responsible in part for certain colourful touches.

Yours sincerely,
THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE,
RIO DE JANEIRO BRANCH.

NOTE.—As the writer of the offending "Traveller's Tale" I greatly regret that it has hurt feelings in Brazil. A member who has lived many years in Brazil read the article while on leave at home. He told me that he regarded it as a very fair and true impression—adding that this would not make it any more palatable to some readers. "The constant references to political tension and revolutions" reflect not merely the evidence of a visitor's own eyes (though "hardly apparent," the letter says, "to the general public") but the conversation of almost everybody who talked to me. I admit, as the letter says, that "Toc H chaps were responsible in part for certain colourful touches": some of my chief informants were my friends of the Executive which now contributes the complaint. "The constant references to . . . knives, revolvers and hot tempers" actually occupy one short sentence in six printed pages. I sincerely liked the Brazilians and said so, as any reader of the article can verify. I commented on "the courage and energy" of the Health Department, but I am very sorry indeed not to have done justice to the splendid work of Brazilians in the prevention of leprosy, of which I was not told. So much in explanation and in apology where apology is needed. I stand by the main contentions of my article. Trying to tell the truth as one sees it is often a risky business.—B. B.

TRAVELLER'S TALES

Peruvian Interlude

Off Callao, Peru, 26.1.37.

OUR Quartermaster, white-haired, apple-cheeked as a Devon farmer, stands over side, leaning across a canvas sling to 'swing the lead'—in its first and not metaphorical sense. The lead splashes into milky green water, the line goes slack in his hand before the fluttering red strip upon it touches water. "Quarter less six!" Again and again—"Half five!" Once more—"By the mark five, sir!" The engines are reversed, the propellers churn up clouds of stinking brown mud in which huge red and white jellyfish turn somersaults. The anchor runs out in Pisco Bay.

Birds and Primitive Man

Vast flocks of sea-birds surround us—grey and white kittiwakes, dusky guillemots, solemn and shabby brown pelicans, lumbering on enormous wings, their great beaks tucked back as they fly. Lines of black cormorants, necks outstretched like flying duck, wheel across the sea, single file, in serpentine columns half a mile long. Ashore, here and there, a countless colony of birds blackens the cliff. The rock all round them is white with *guano*, the rich bird-manure, and the acrid smell of it pervades every part of our ship. On rocky islands along this coast the deposit is as much as ten feet thick, an easy profit in years gone by for the windjammers, which lay alongside for weeks digging the solid stench and then bearing it home, 150 days' voyage, round the Horn.

The naked, brown hills, within sight of which we have been coasting for a week, provide as monotonous a landfall as any in the world. The barrier rises into inconsiderable peaks or falls to low, sheer cliffs, fringed with the everlasting white surf of the Pacific; here there is a bird-haunted island, there a beach where, through a glass, we can see a herd of sea-lions basking in the sun. Only at evening the coast occasionally takes fire from the opposing West, with a sudden splendour.

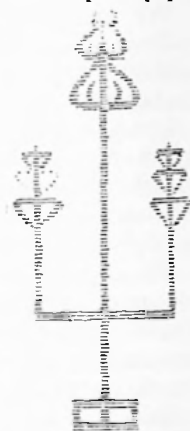
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Last night we had such a sundown, a pageant of crimson sky, violet cloud and deepest blue sea, all of an intensity of colour I have never seen equalled. The only human 'monument' we have sighted was mysterious: we came abreast of it half an hour ago. On the steep slopes of Paracas, south of Pisco Bay, where we now lie, there is a scar on the brown hill, which must be many hundreds of feet long. Field glasses revealed an elaborate system of ridges and trenches, so curious in design that I made a quick record on a scrap of paper before we left it behind.

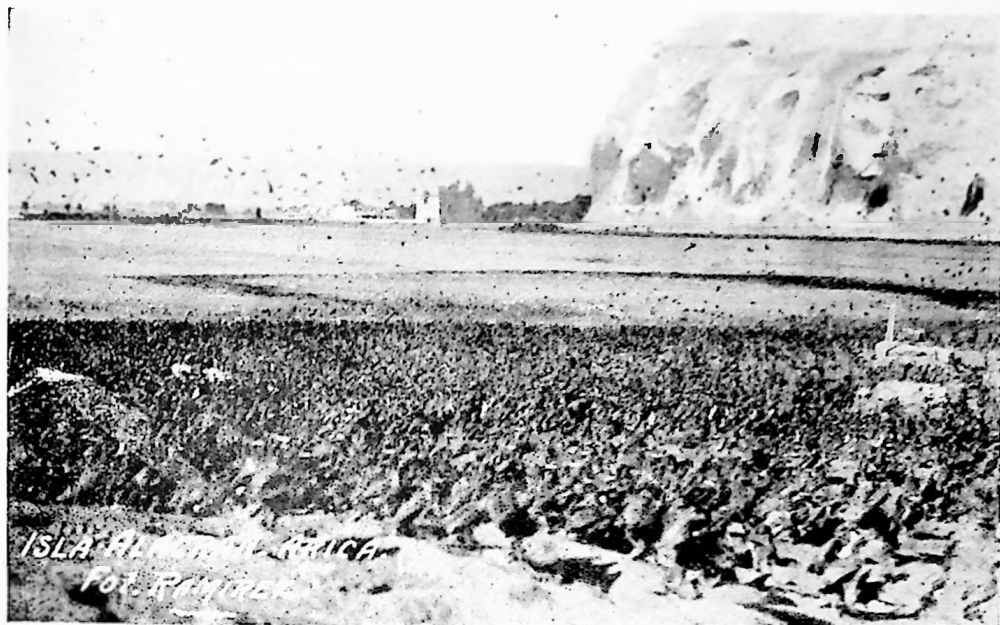
Like the 'White Horses' on our own chalk downs or that barbarous 'Giant' on the green hill above Cerne Abbas, the date of it and its significance to those who cut it can perhaps never be known. Was it a mark for seamen, a sign of the terrible gods, a symbol of fertility or defiance in the eyes of a primitive race of men?

The guide book, precise enough on the subject of cotton exports and the national debt of Peru in 1933, merely records that "the Paracas Peninsula is the site of pre-Incaic and Inca remains. One city, buried in sand, and provisionally named Cerro Colorado is supposed to date from 1000 B.C.; another, Cabeza Larga, 500 B.C.; with a third Inca city adjoining." Gold ornaments, pottery and "bottle-shaped burial caverns" have been found. I must leave it at that. But the ornamental trench on the bleak hillside, after so many days, timeless and without history, took my fancy strangely.

But here, at Pisco, there is a new source of interest—the first patch of real green we have encountered since leaving Valparaiso, 1,000 miles away. At Mejillones there are half a dozen trees, kept alive (as their owner, a



*Trench "Monument,"
Paracas Peninsula.*



The *guano* ISLAND OF ALACRAN, off Arica, on the Peruvian frontier of Chile. The Morro cliff in the background is white with *guano*; on the beach below it lie sea-lions. The birds in the foreground and in a circle on the water are mostly cormorants.



LA HERRADURA, typical coast scenery on the edge of the Peruvian desert. "The naked, brown hills provide as monotonous a landfall as any in the world."



" THE THRONE OF THE INCAS " : Ruins of an Indian city in the Peruvian desert.



THE BODY OF FRANCISCO PIZARRO in Lima Cathedral. The body is seen in a glass case, under a recumbent bronze lion; a bottle containing the entrails can be seen at the feet.

fellow-passenger, tells us) by the annual expenditure of 400 tons of distilled water; at Arica a tiny park and a gallant avenue of little trees through which I strolled a few nights ago. But here we can see a good mile of trees along the low shore and a deep hinterland of green. This must be looked into!

* * * *

Two hours ago two of us came ashore, with a pyjama and a tooth-brush apiece, prepared, if means could be found, to make our way across country and rejoin the ship to-morrow. We canvassed our fellow-passengers but none would join us. Most of them are 'West Coasters' going on leave and they smiled indulgently on our keenness to desert the shady decks and regular meals for hot sand and uncertainty. The old Peruvian pilot took us in his launch and under his wing. He had sailed the seven seas, lived a couple of years in Liverpool, and grown indulgent to the mad English. So he spoke a useful word to the Customs officers, commanded the craziest relic of a car to drive us to the police station, and there took up our cause with a series of officials who looked rather like Indians in 'Aussie' uniform. The ultimate authority in their hierarchy had just closed his office and stood against the door, spitting thoughtfully. Luckily, our pilot was an old friend—otherwise we should have waited three hours, the official period for lunch and a *siesta*. As it was, the great man opened for us and typed, on two foolscap sheets, decorated with an impressive, illegible signature and two rubber stamps apiece, the *laissez-passer* for us to proceed from Pisco to Lima. For in Peru the police make up a large percentage of the population and must be employed. As it turned out, we were 'controlled,' with much writing and saluting, at three villages on our way thither and in Lima itself were detained (or rather our taxi-driver was) for twenty precious minutes at a police station. All this, I may add, was done with a fine show of efficiency and genuine charm of manner.

Our pilot accepted a glass of beer in the local bar and watched us eat an execrable lunch, before doing us his final service. This was to engage for us, at a reasonable price, a

smiling buck negro with a car which at first sight was impressive. So we shook hands with our kind old guide in the palm-shaded square, with its genuine 'colonial' church and sham Moorish town hall, and were soon out of Pisco and its belt of green.

Safe Transport

The journey by road to Lima is said to be 130 miles; it seemed more. For five hours, at what appeared to be a hustling speed, we were thrown about like peas inside our shabby limousine. Our negro drove well, as the South Americans do. He never actually allowed us to crack our skulls on the roof, he slowed down just in the nick of time to save his springs at gulleys in the road, he took the hair-pin bends down the mountains on not less than three wheels, he accelerated finely to meet oncoming traffic and slithered past in a tornado of dust, he missed laden donkeys and herds of cows by inches. The number of dead dogs and even calves—with their attendant vultures—which we came across, attested that his skill was above the average. But I knew from brief experience in South America that our luck would not last. Five miles from Lima we wobbled suddenly and stopped with a jerk. Only a front-wheel puncture! Our negro grinned with all his white teeth and we smiled back. So off with the wheel—though the jack seemed built for any car but this. And on with the spare wheel—but that turned out to have no inner tube! We forgot to smile this time and all three of us swore in our own languages. Not otherwise was my experience the last time I drove in a public 'bus across country in Chile. This time the driver had forgotten to fill up with petrol (if it hadn't been that, it would have been oil or water). After half an hour's wait and borrowing a few mugfuls out of a passing car we had staggered on to the next petrol pump—to find it empty. But—I draw a veil. There are occasions when I question R. L. Stevenson's genial dictum that "to travel hopefully is better than to arrive."

We forgot the car (as much as it would let us) in the interest of the journey. Those who live on the Chilean coast would dismiss it in

one handy word, just '*pampa*'—as the Anglo-Argentine will embrace thousands of square miles in one word, 'camp.' But when you come to grips for the first time with the *pampa* it is fascinating in its variety, terrible in its monotony; it is inhuman and yet crossed by human history, ugly and mean and yet touched with extraordinary grandeur. It is an utterly treeless waste, unless you reckon the one tract of ten-foot cactus we saw in the distance; it has not a flower nor a blade of grass, unless you count the grey scrub in one or two places, which is near-green. A dozen miles of table-land, sheer blown sand, will run down into defiles, where the road serpentine between sandstone banks, deeply scarred and crumbled by sun and wind: on either hand the naked hills rise, many coloured with their mineral stains and tumbled scree. The sandy brown is crowned with knolls of umber and black, a hill of glowing Indian red is streaked with streams of bluish boulders—like the slashed sleeves of the Conquistadores, who were the first white men to behold this landscape. Eastward the horizon is dense with hills, rising higher range by range into the great Cordillera of the Andes. The high mountains veil their heads in cloud, but at a moment a huge precipice, touched with a gleam of snow, is seen as if suspended above the vapour and is gone again. Such—at least in Peru—is the 'backbone' of South America, set extravagantly sideways in the body of the continent. For nearly 4,500 miles the Andes run, from tropical forest to Antarctic blizzard.

Oasis

But we must not range afield. For the moment we are in the desert of Atacamá, where no rain ever falls. But it has its passages of green. Two or three times our road dips down to the sea shore, where salt marshes of coarse plants and reeds are interposed between us and the sandy beach, the fantastic archways of rock, the bird-haunted islands and the blue sea. And several times we reach, grateful for the relief, a village in its green oasis. The houses of mud and reeds are squalid enough, but the fields are rich and beautiful. There are big 'orchards' of

bananas, thick with fruit. Each bunch is tasselled with an enormous red-brown flower and hangs under a ten-foot fan of bright green leaves. Even bigger are the cotton fields. Some in an early stage, look most like the potato fields of home; others, grown to waist-high bushes, are beautiful with the blossom, clear yellow and a few dull red, which look at the first glance like half-opened roses. The fluffy harvest is not yet in season, but our ship lies behind us at Pisco, loading thousands of bales from the warehouses. The secret of each of these oases is a shallow, brawling river of brown water, carried, since the days of the Incas, into myriads of irrigating channels. So the dead dust springs into life instantly. What a land this would be if it ever rained!

Gentlemen of Spain

The most considerable of these mud villages in Chincha, where we halted before a white-washed miniature town hall ('*palacio municipal*' is the grand name for it) to undergo police 'control.' Strange to picture Almagro, the partner, then rival and finally victim of Pizarro, descending from the intolerable desert into this "pleasant vale of Chincha," as Prescott calls it in *The Conquest of Peru*, and founding a 'city' which was to bear his own name and rival Lima itself! And it was at Mala, the next mud village in which we were halted by a chain across the road at the police post, that Pizarro and Almagro held their last furious interview face to face, the final breach between friends who had sworn loyalty in their common enterprise in a most solemn contract and on a consecrated wafer divided between them at the Mass. These events took place exactly four hundred years ago: the 'city' of Chincha still awaits realisation, but the region round it is still full of the memory of the Spanish *Conquistadores*. Their story is unsurpassed for courage and scarcely equalled for treachery and wholesale brutality. From the comparative comfort of a crazy motor car I found it hard indeed to imagine the little Spanish armies of a few hundred men campaigning for months on end in this burning desert. To quote Prescott

again, "the captain would not easily be found at this day, who would venture to lead his army across this dreary region." But there they came, through the shimmering heat of the sand, choked with dust, raving with thirst, flogging on their wretched horses and still more wretched Indian slaves—the gentlemen of Spain in full armour, with their torn and faded silken banners and all the incongruous pageantry which the point of honour forbade them ever to abandon.

Treachery Most Vile

The low hill we are now rattling past in our car is crowned with the thick crumbling walls of an Inca fortress—reminder again of the darkest of all passages in this conquest, Pizarro's crowning perfidy which struck a noble native civilisation to the heart. The scene of it lies before our faces, the Inca city hidden in the furthest mountain heights to Northward. There Atahualpa, the king, divine "Child of the Sun," received Pizarro courteously—and reaped his reward. With the fanatical friar (who was to become the first bishop in Peru) crying absolution upon them, the Spaniards suddenly charged to the old cry of "St. James and at them!" and massacred their defenceless hosts. The Inca king was a notable prisoner, Pizarro's best pawn, to whom he solemnly swore freedom in exchange for the greatest ransom recorded in history—a room full of gold as high as the Inca's hand could chalk a mark on the wall. This astonishing treasure began to pour in from every Indian temple in the land, and when the mark was nearly reached, Pizarro struck his final blow. After a mock trial, he ordered the Inca to be burned at the stake. But Holy Church would have his soul, and at the last moment offered to commute the sentence to garrotting, on condition that he embraced the true faith, which he did not understand. The cavaliers stood round him repeating the Creed as he was strangled, and Pizarro himself marched as chief mourner at the funeral! The spirit of this atrocious act marked the whole course of the Spanish conquest. And the motive of conquest was always threefold—to enjoy adventure, to

spread the holy faith among the heathen and to acquire boundless treasure upon earth. It was the mixed motive of many a Crusader, but no page in Palestine is quite as dark as in Peru.

The wretched Indians were thus scattered, enslaved, sometimes hunted for sport with hounds; they worked and perished in the mines like beasts; they fed the greed of the conqueror as their women-folk fed his lust. Their enormous wealth in herds was squandered recklessly; their age-old irrigation schemes were deliberately broken up by the Spaniard, leaving traces all over the desert, once fertile field, which we are traversing today. They received the glorious light of the Gospel at the sword's point. These worshippers of one god, the Sun, were bewildered by the Christian pantheon of "three gods and yet one, that makes four," which seems to have been the best that some of the interpreters could make of the Holy Trinity, in Whose name they were tortured and despoiled. There were not wanting a few devoted clergy (twelve such apostles are mentioned but not named) who laboured to stem the tide. And Prescott has the chance, rare with historians, to give his sad story a happy ending with the reforms of a very fine governor from Spain. But, unlike the fairy tales, the injured party did not live happily ever afterwards. The Indian was broken in body and spirit. He and his women remain fair game for their half-breed rulers to-day. That part of the Conquest was thoroughly done.

Then followed—over this same country in which two English tourists travel this hot afternoon—the wars of the rival Spanish captains, a bewildering series of 'gangster' affrays in the worst manner of Chicago but on a grander scale. Pizarro saw, with crocodile tears, how his old partner Almagro was 'taken for a ride'; he survived the betrayal, defeat and death of other leaders, and was himself 'bumped off,' inevitably, in his turn. Assassination was accompanied, when there was time, with the rites of the Church, and the murderer often adopted the gentlemanly custom of following his victim's coffin as chief mourner. Well may Prescott say that these

affairs were conducted with "that peculiarly ferocious spirit which is engendered by civil wars—the most unforgiving in their character of any but wars of religion." History repeats itself—both in bravery and in ferocity—ninety years after Prescott's book, in the Spain of the moment in which I write these words.

* * * *

Lima: We arrived in state at sunset last night. Impatient of our crippled car, we left it and set off walking up the hot road towards the city. Before long a lorry, laden with road-menders returning from work, caught us up and stopped at our hail. These cheerful little men with Indian faces took us aboard, and could not stop laughing at the latest madness of the English who are found in lounge suits, carrying dispatch cases, afoot on a country road where even the poorest ride. So we arrived, well content, in the capital.

Death of a Hero

And this morning I was standing before what is reckoned by the tourist the chief curiosity of very noble Lima—the body of Francisco Pizarro, Founder of the City. It lies in a side-chapel of the Cathedral, exposed to public view. I do not know what happened to the coffin in which his grateful countrymen once laid it: described as "sumptuous," I suppose it tempted some of them. The naked and dessicated corpse of the great *Conquistador* now lies at eye-level. A sleeping bronze lion weights the lid of his glass-fronted showcase; weeping Indian women (and no man gave them more bitter cause to weep) crouch in bronze below. With brown skull battered and jaw dropped on his chest, with taut skin stretched like dark-brown parchment over his bony ribs, with fresh cotton-wool plugged in

his wounds, his fingers and toes mouldered away, he lies forlornly there. Beside him, in a medicine bottle roughly labelled, repose some of his entrails. These indignities to a man as daring and as perfidious as any in history seem to have been perpetrated in 1891. You can see the whole show for 6d. to-day.

I did not find myself stirred by these wretched relics. I was not listening to the patter of the little sacristan who pawed the tomb. I found myself trying again to picture the final scene.

It is the last Sunday in June (a dark date for assassination in our own time too) in the year 1541. A score of Pizarro's friends, returned from mass, are chatting with him over the lunch table in his house. There are sudden shouts in the street, a tumult at the gates; servants give the alarm. The friends make a rush for the stairs, some of them shin down the wall into the garden—they are all gone. The old lion (he is well in the sixties) makes ready. He reaches for his cuirass, fumbles with the buckles (there is no one to help him now), throws it impatiently aside. Wrapping his cloak round his left arm, sword in his right hand, he waits. The conspirators are at the door of the room. Under his fury they give back, with two men of them dying. Their leader, not prepared to risk his own person, seizes one of his confederates from behind and throws him on Pizarro's sword to die. They have the old man down, disarmed, between them. He is on his hands and knees now, crying the name "Jesu!", his last word. They watch him trace with failing finger the sign of the Cross on the floor, and as he stoops to kiss the mark they deal the death blow. Some say it was given by a private soldier with a bottle from the luncheon table which stove in the hero's skull. *Sic transit gloria!*

BARCLAY BARON.



THE FAMILY CHRONICLE

From the North Wales and Border Counties Area

Our worthy Assistant Editor tells me that it is our turn to give some account of ourselves and the happenings in this Area. He limits us up to fourteen hundred words and our main difficulty is to condense our news to his specification in view of the fact that it is nearly eighteen months since a previous account of our activities appeared in the JOURNAL. Shortly after the publication of our last despatch our Area was formally recognised as a substantive one by the Central Executive and we hope that we have proved worthy of that honour.

Most of our units were represented at the Coming-of-Age Festival, and the inspiration derived from it has done much to weld together the family spirit in our large and scattered Area. It was our privilege to receive two visits from parties of Overseas friends who decided to see some of the beauties of the West Country and many friendships were made and our conception of Toc H considerably widened as the result of our meeting them. The visit of the first party was all too short. The Salopian units gave them lunch at Shrewsbury and Worcester Branch provided hospitality for the night. We shall ever remember that most enjoyable lawn supper party at Jack Barnett's beautiful home on that lovely Sunday evening in June and hope they will too. The second party were with us for three days, and were given a rousing welcome at each place they went to in the North Wales Division. The party included members from practically every Dominion, and U.S.A. was represented by Padre Pryor Grant. What a gathering of the clans at Rydal School where Ajax dispensed hospitality in his inimitable way! We shall not forget it in a hurry, nor will they. The only sad part of the North Wales tour was the ascent of Snowdon which had to be done in pouring rain. At the summit we could see nothing for mist.

We continue to grow steadily, and during this last winter several new families have taken their place amongst us. These include *Pwllheli*, *Flint*, *Penrhyn Bay* (Llandudno)

and *Queensferry* in the North Wales Division and *Ross-on-Wye*, *Oxon & Shelton* (Shrewsbury), *Builth Wells* and a second group at *Droitwich*, all in the Border Counties Division. Of our older units, the following have been granted Branch status and duly received their Lamps at the hands of H.R.H. The Duke of Kent at the Coming-of-Age Festival:—*Llandudno*, *Mold*, *Ruthin*, *Llandrindod Wells* and *Evesham*.

The old Worcestershire District has been supplanted by two new Districts (The Worcester and North Cotswold) and the Hereford and Radnor Provisional District has now been given substantive status. The latter has been strengthened by the transfer of Ludlow Group from the West Salop District and Tenbury Wells from the Worcester District. During the period under review much has been done to develop our District Teams and the majority of them are now very fully alive to their responsibilities and are showing great keenness in their work of co-ordinating and developing Toc H in their Districts.

We have had several memorable corporate events this winter. In December there was a large gathering at Bangor to receive the Silver Lamp of Wales from a delegation appointed by the South Wales Area. It is to be in our care for a year and may be seen perpetually burning in the North Wales Heroes Memorial at the University College of North Wales. The same day units in the English Division held an impressive Service of Rededication at Worcester Cathedral, when the Rector of Ludlow (Padre F. G. Shepherd) gave us a message that we shall not forget in a hurry.

The North Wales Divisional Festival was held on March 13th at Deganwy and the attendance was the largest we have ever had, about every unit in the Division being represented in force. It commenced with a service of Rededication at All Saints' Church, conducted by the Rector of Llanrhos (Canon G. R. Davies). Padre John Palmer was to

have preached, but at the last moment he was prevented from being with us. Padre Jim Davies deputised for him very ably, and impressed upon us the need for each one of us rededicating himself to building Christ's Kingdom. High tea followed at which 250 participated of an excellent spread arranged by Deganwy Group and in the evening we had a most enjoyable Guest-night under the leadership of Joe Lloyd, at which F. L. Allan, Headmaster of Wallasey Grammar School, gave us something more to think about.

By the time this appears in print we shall have had our annual pilgrimage to The Old House, and it is gratifying to find that so many are now anxious to visit it. This year's Pilgrimage is fully booked up and representative of every part of the Area, besides comprising an excellent mixture.

Several useful Training Week-ends have been held lately, and there are several more in the offing. The success of these has been in no small way due to the help of kind friends who have come to us from other Areas. Greeno has helped at two of these week-ends, and his carefully planned talks have already borne much fruit. We wish him a very speedy return to good health.

Ajax, who has been the live wire in North

Wales from the very earliest days of Toc H there, has relinquished the Chairmanship of the Divisional Team which he has so ably captained. We shall miss him terribly, but if anyone deserves a period of rest, he does, and we look forward to the day when he will again be back at the helm. His place as Padre on the Divisional Team is to be taken by Mansel Davies, at present Vale of Conway District Padre. Another stalwart, Mac Pearson, has also been compelled to relinquish his offices for a period owing to ill-health. We wish him a speedy recovery and are deeply indebted to him for his loyal help.

We have lost several other good leaders who have left the Area but we have also gained by the advent of keen members from other Areas. Specially would we mention Padre R. S. Renfree, who has now become District Padre of the West Salop District and Padre Clark who is so active as District Padre in the Hereford and Radnor District.

Our old friend P. G. Stevens is much restored in health and has agreed to serve us for another period as one of our representatives on the Central Council. He is also to be the speaker at a West Salop District Guest-night this week and we look forward to hearing him. G.F.

From the Western London Area

It may be due to Spring in the air, but there are signs of life and growth in Toc H Western London. Things seem to be moving up. The Area Executive promises some fresh shoots for the coming year, old Branches think of spreading their boughs, two new units have popped open like well-nourished buds in *Roehampton* and *Sunbury*, and there are some lively stirrings at the roots of those ancient institutions Mark I and Mark II.

This is all to the good and very healthy. The Area is responding to the challenge which Padre Watts (Watto) left behind him and we are reaping the benefit of the real hard spade work—and it was sheer earth digging in some cases—which he put in during the last three years. We were naturally all extremely sorry to see him go. He sailed from Southampton for India on February 11

with a contingent of the R.A.F. to become Minister of a small Baptist Church in Agra, U.P., where he is to act as Chaplain to the Troops. We wish him god-speed in his new work and hope that time and our own carelessness will not lessen by default the personal links which we have with him or the effects of his toil. Meanwhile, Western London is without a Padre; but we see more of Geoff Martin. There is also another change. Bill Cain retires this year from the Chairmanship of the Area Executive, but not (good news!) from the Executive itself, so we shall still have his advice and leadership as before. In all ways, therefore, "Thank you, Bill."

From an impartial view of Toc H in the Area one inclines to say that it is sound enough, but widely unequal in its degrees of effectiveness. The major problem is to prevent

units from chasing their own tails, an exercise which usually leaves them spiritless, discontented, grumbling and pessimistic. One way out is to foster live Districts. This we are slowly and steadily doing, but the Districts vary in their vision and capacity for achievement. We have not yet fully grasped the idea that a District Team is the most exacting unit, of time and concentrated energy in Toc H. Then again, each District presents a separate problem from its neighbour.

Builders of Toc H in London have to face two things—locality and people—which are not, as in the country, so closely interknit. Locality for the Area means the pleasaunces of suburban Bucks., the charm of Kingston and Richmond, that extension of London which is Harrow and Wembley, or the vast acreage of streets in Battersea, Paddington and Wandsworth. Then people; in the Area there are two classes, the Londoner who sleeps there and the Londoner who doesn't. The Londoner who sleeps there is a parochial person with little sense of his parish: he belongs to a community which, with its social and civic organisation, is more a surveyor's expression than a living reality with community significance. The Londoner who works there but who suburbs to sleep is often a tired person, and where he sleeps he may have few interests. Then, what a bird of passage he is in these days! As the saying has it, he goes away just when we are beginning to like him. Well, there is Spring in the air, which means that for many men in the Area life is the gradual finding of local roots.

This is important for the success of the Area. G. K. Chesterton says somewhere "If you want to make a thing lively, make it local." Sometimes, one thinks that we should look forward to the day when Toc H in Western London has units serving the needs of about a dozen streets only, and with not one, but a dozen, teams to a Borough. Someone once went so far as to say that Toc H in London would only be fully effective when we had a small nucleus of sound members in every street. Cities do seem to be such unconquerable places that extravagant measures seem to be called for.

Visions! well, readers will forgive these unweeded growths in the writer's mind, for, as we have said, it is the Spring. However, these are not entirely idle thoughts because the time *has* come to consider whether the original division of Toc H London into four Areas can be further adjusted to meet the problems of effective service and growth. One thing at least *is* certain, that if we expect units to split up an acreage of similar streets into a honeycomb of service, then a close harmony and co-operation between leaders and District Teams will be more than ever necessary to give those cells a true and wide apprehension of Toc H as a whole.

This brings us at once to the subject of Training. Training during the last year has been on the up-grade. And here again we owe much to 'Watto.' Many of us associated our work with our personal friendship for him. It was his method to invite men from the hundred-and-one other claims upon their time to attend training week-ends or days, whether for Area or for District Teams, by personal letter; a laborious method, perhaps, but a courteous, and, therefore, a fruitful one. These invitations at any rate made clear from the start that what is wanted are not Training Days in themselves (which can become too fashionable), but men who will come together to strengthen the general advance. The two Area Training Days held at Ealing, carefully prepared and loyally supported, fully justified this view. Similarly has it been with the District Week-ends held at Wapping, which in many cases were successfully followed up by a series of weekly evenings for the younger members and probationers on the essence and practical side of Toc H.

There is, however, much still to be done. Most of us would probably agree that throughout the Area our real weakness is the training of probationers. And let us admit it, this is a serious weakness. One often has the impression that folk are attracted to Toc H and that they will try a unit meeting more than once, but it is doubtful whether they reach membership with any truly clear-cut idea of what our particular challenge and

approach to society is. This weakness more than likely gives some units that sense of rootlessness and lack of drive in their own locality, although jobs are certainly done, and well done. (Service, in fact, is good; the unexpected expressions of it are a cure for the 'blues'). The same weakness may also cause the smallness and lifelessness of many District Guest-nights. Have we grasped the fact that Guest-nights aren't just social events to vary the routine of Toc H life but are significant expressions of it with a real underlying purpose? And while we are on the moan, here is

another. The Area News Sheet which 'Watto' made such brave attempts to foster has unfortunately had to be discontinued. This is a pity, but later we may try again.

In conclusion, we can only repeat what we have said thrice already; there is Spring in the air. The Area is conscious of its weaknesses and as long as it does not become analytical and self-conscious about the difficulties which, after all, confront Toc H everywhere, it confidently intends to see Western London more consistently strong by the next time we write a despatch. W.L.P.

From the Eastern Area : An Explanation

It appears that the footnote to the EASTERN AREA report in last month's JOURNAL has been misunderstood by some. It did not mean to infer that because the Padres in question found it *difficult* to make time for Toc H they therefore *failed* to make time for Toc H. On the contrary, they are incredibly active, exemplifying the truth that a busy padre can find room for Toc H in his time-table if ever he has truly known it, in spite of difficulties which all of us appreciate. Nor did the remark apply to any one Padre in particular. An apology is offered for the clumsy writing which caused this mistake to be made. N.B.—The invitation is still open.

R. E. W.

The Journal for Leprosy Workers

Dr. E. Muir, of B.E.L.R.A. (see page 189), writes:—"I have been wondering whether the Toc H JOURNAL is sent to the lay workers out in Nigeria and India. If not, possibly some branches which are particularly interested in them might agree to supply copies. Failing that the Association would be willing to put up the cost. I think the men would appreciate receiving the JOURNAL and it would help to keep them in touch with Toc H activities." Apparently our men do *not* at present receive the JOURNAL. Would any member or unit wishing to remedy this write to Dr. E. Muir, British Empire Leprosy Relief Association, 131, Baker Street, W.1.

Man Wanted

WANTED.—A Member of Toc H to act as Caretaker under the Wakefield Trust on Tower Hill. Applications should be made to the Provost, 42, Trinity Square, E.C.3.